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Rest.

EARLE E. WHALEY, 1903.

WITH sound of tinkling bells come weary sheep
Along the lanes to rest within the fold;
Above, a shade of gray lies o'er the gold,
And slowly stars from out the shadows creep.
A gloom has fallen upon yon lonely steep
Where late we heard the drowsy sheep-bells tolled;
While on the lawns the drooping daisies hold
Within their snowy petals dreamless sleep.

And thus when waking I grow sad, morose,
And sorrows of the past drift back to me,
Or coming hours cast shadows on my way.
Night falls and sleep enwraps her mantle close
About me, while dream and fancy let me see,
The joy and hope that come not through the day.

Poland's Glory and Martyrdom.

M. SZALEWSKI, 1901.



WERE I to speak of the glory of famous Rome or Greece, perhaps I should win your attention, as the subject would not only be vast and full of inspiring deeds, but it would also be familiar, and would therefore find due appreciation. Were I to dwell on any of the nations whose names stand out firm and exalted in the world to-day,—France with her glorious past behind her, but now torn within by revolution, or Germany with her stern government, or Russia, the spreading and threatening power, upon whom all eyes are now turned—I should undoubtedly meet with your approval. Were I, finally, to hint at the Boer bravery in South Africa, I might still “drown the stage” and “cleave the general

ear.” But no such popular subject was it my lot to take up. I have chosen to bring to your knowledge the memory, not of the living but of the dead; not of present struggles and greed for power, but of past lustre and martyrdom. Cast your eyes upon the heart of Europe, and you shall see the blood of martyrs shed a hundred years ago, and still trickling from the sword of three adjoining powers. Listen for a while, and you shall still hear the moans of the dying re-echo from the Pyrenees to the Ural Mountains, from the Black Sea to the Baltic. Pause, and watch it for a moment, and perhaps you shall discern that it stirs and throbs, that its bosom, though pressed hard upon by the mighty victor, still heaves and cries to heaven for vengeance. It is not dead; it yet breathes, but heavily, like an expiring hero wounded on the battlefield and trodden by his enemies. Perhaps you begin to know it now; perhaps its name is recognized by you; you may have seen it somewhere in history only alluded to and passed over almost silently, shall I say contemptuously? Maybe you have heard it uttered once by some lonely exile in this land, and now it again strikes your memory. Perhaps not to you, America's sons, need I repeat it. You have heard of Pulaski and Kosciuszko, you have seen their names along with Lafayette's inscribed in the memoirs of the Father of your country. He did not despise them, and you can not think little of them. He admired the country that produced such warriors, such heroes, and you can not refrain from respecting the hallowers of your freedom and independence. His heart was touched with sympathy for their country's sufferings, and therefore you can not but be startled at the cruel injustice measured out to her.

Yes; it is of Poland that I intend to speak to you,—Poland that was, but is now no more; Poland, the once dominating power in Europe, the chivalrous nation of all times, the

splendour and glory of the Church, but now the least known and respected, existing only in name, not in reality, the notion of whose once famous existence is carried to all parts of the world only by her lonely children, who tell, by their language and their religion the sad message of her martyrdom. I wish to present her to you in the truest possible light, attempting neither to clothe her in strange garments nor to attribute to her more than she deserves. My only aim shall be to make you behold and know her just as she stood in history; to do away with any prejudice that may have, without any fault of yours, crept into your hearts; to make you, in fine, judge for yourselves her real worth, and to respect her as one of those distant lights, whose rays guided and helped you to reach the goal of freedom.

Before giving you any idea of my own, let me be permitted to cite the words of one of the most celebrated men of the present century, not a Pole, but a Frenchman, Bishop Peraud, a member of the French Academy. Alluding to the readiness with which Poland always supported the Church, the Bishop exclaims:

"Dear and glorious Poland, whose existence Bossuet with a great voice acclaimed as a necessary help to the Church, but whom, as it seems, modern powers pass over silently and unknowingly. Oh! how much couldst thou now do for the maintenance of the balance of power and the peace of Europe, if thy dismembered fragments were anew united. Thou wouldst form a powerful nation which would command respect; a nation able to raise a loud voice in the councils of Europe. Alas! to-day thou art forsaken by all, except a small number of thy faithful friends who ever venerate and sympathize with thee, but are not strong enough to help thee."

Only too true are these words. Poland did command respect in her day; and this respect can only be attributed to her courage and chivalry. That this was the case, history is a living proof. Glance over its pages, and you shall find that Poland sprang into existence only in the tenth century. When France, Germany and the other western powers were already well formed; when the germ of Christianity had been long planted in their soil, and civilization had taken deep root in society, Poland was only then emerging from barbarism and idolatry.

Only in 965 did Poland receive baptism;

and only from that day has she risen as a nation, just beginning to form itself and to be civilized under the salutary influence of the West. But though almost five centuries younger than the West in civilization, in the fifteenth century we find her nearly on the same footing with it. Italy, France, Spain, and in part England, grew up on the soil made fertile by the centenary efforts of the Old World, and relished the fat meats left them by their predecessors; while Germany first passed through the stern school of the Franks before she stood alone. Poland, however, rose of itself, with no prepared ground for action, with no help, with no prospects of any kind from without, except the purifying waters of Christianity. And yet, who,—if he knows the history of the European nations, if he has carefully studied their dealings with one another from the tenth to the close of the eighteenth century,—who can say that Poland was not the most powerful, the most chivalrous, the most Christian power in Europe? It is only to her courage and strength that she could attribute her welfare, that she could inspire fear in other nations. Surrounded on all sides by savage and barbarous tribes, she had constantly to brave their fierce attacks, and thus became a bulwark that prevented the pagans from breaking into the very heart of the continent. No search into history is necessary to verify this fact. Vienna stands to-day a living example of it. She is but one illustration of the heroism of devotion to Christ's Church on earth, of the spirit that permeated the Polish heart during the ten centuries of Poland's existence. There is not one instance to show that Poland ever broke her loyalty to the Papacy; but instance after instance may be recorded to tell that she has always been the Church's protectress and devoted daughter.

What greater illustration of this can be found in any of the existing powers than that of John Sobieski, Poland's greatest child and most loyal sovereign, at whose name the pagans shuddered, and whose appearance in battle, going before his army like an avenging spirit, spread dismay and terror in the ranks of the enemy? What more heart-inspiring deed has history ever recorded than his, who, while on his way to the house of God with his two sons, was suddenly stopped in the street of Cracow by the Austrian ambassador and the papal legate, and addressed by them in beseeching tones: "King, defend Vienna

and Christianity!" Sobieski dared not go a step farther, but immediately turned back; and, gathering whatever soldiers he had on hand, went speedily to the rescue of the Austrian capital. There a scene was witnessed which never had been nor ever shall perhaps be rivalled in terror and majesty.

As far as the eye could reach from the top of Mount Kalenberg, nothing but countless swarms of Turks appeared to the Polish soldiers. It was not surprising that at such a sight the heart of Vienna sank down in despair, stricken by the fear of either slaughter or cruel slavery. Everything seemed lost to her, even the hope in her own army. She long looked forward to her only protection in Europe, to the man that was the scourge of war,—Sobieski; and when at last the happy tidings of his coming had reached her, she could not contain herself for joy, and she hailed her future saviour with acclamations that re-echoed throughout the tents of the enemy. Sobieski came just in time; for already the Mussulman had made hasty preparations to attack the city. But he lost his race, as Sobieski, like a thunderbolt, fell at dawn one morning upon the enemy, pierced their thick ranks, and smote down 30,000 of them, taking a large number prisoners, and utterly routing the remainder. On that day the power of the Turk, counting 300,000 men, was entirely broken by 25,000 Polish soldiers; and on the very spot where the day before the Saracen cried "Mahomet! Mahomet!" now resounded the solemn *Te Deum*.

This is but one of the grand examples of bravery displayed by Poland's sons, with which the pages of history are full. The reason why it is cited so often is because it illustrates to perfection Poland's characteristic as a nation, where physical, indomitable courage worked hand in hand with that high Christian ideal of obedience to God's Vicar on earth and of ready obedience to his call, at whatever hazard and in whatever circumstances, favourable or unfavourable. Poland has not done this to win the respect and flattery of her neighbours; she did it because she deemed it a duty, and to omit it would be a crime in her sight. Such a spirit was displayed by her children at Vienna. Instead of being thanked by Leopold of Austria for their protection, the gates of the city were shut upon them, and contemptuous treatment, sprung from envy and jealousy, was their only reward. Sobieski and his army, whose wounds

were yet fresh and gave the blood of martyrs, were denied quarters, and suffered from cruel famine. They had no place to rest their weary heads; and yet, because they were loyal to their perfect ideal of a nation, they not only suffered with resignation and did not abandon their mission, but, on the contrary, panting and bleeding, they even pursued the enemy farther through Hungary, until they entirely destroyed him.

Shall I cite further examples of such spirit and heroism? Need I tell you of Poland's bitter encounters with the Teutonic knights, who for centuries had the perfection of military skill? Their fate had been decided on the field of Grünwald in 1410 A. D., where fifty thousand of these knights and their followers, and with them their fierce leader, Ulrich von Jungingen, fell victims to their own treachery. Shall I dwell on that period in the seventeenth century when, under the reign of John Casimir, Poland was torn within by the Cossack rebels, and swamped without by the floods of Swedish and Russian arms? Then it was thought that her doom was near. Three armies let loose on her the horrors of war. Yet she withstood them all and rose victorious, thanks again to her indomitable courage and to that faith that strengthened her in discouragement and impelled her to fight, one man against twenty.

Such was Poland from the beginning to the end of her existence; not only in one period, in one battle, under one patriotic king, but at all times, in all encounters, ever the bulwark of Europe and Christianity. But especially in her last struggle against the tyranny of Russia, Austria and Germany did she exhibit what was really her main and long support. Many, no doubt, attribute her downfall solely to anarchy; and they are right. But let them understand that an external force brought this anarchy to its climax, and thus made it the tool of Poland's partition. Catharine of Russia, that giant-woman, that shrewd, cruel treacherous politician, supported by the greedy Frederick of Prussia, and, indirectly, seconded in her plan by the innocent, but Pilate-like Maria Teresa of Austria, who washed her hands of the crime when she could have prevented it,—Catharine, with a conscience polluted by every crime, and a heart that knew no sympathy or sorrow—betrayed innocent blood, and prepared Poland's hard cross of martyrdom. She by false promises won the confidence of the nation, which then needed

outside help to raise herself from the malady of aristocratic anarchy. Everybody believed her. But the poison prepared for the nation by Catharine, and which proved fatal, was the Tzarina's candidate for the Polish throne, King Stanislaus Augustus. Through his weakness of character he was unable to crush the nobility, or even to check its growth; but fearing to lose the crown, and ever submissive to Catharine, who had placed him on the throne, he signed the first partition of Poland.

Thus the crime was committed. The three powers, greedy of gain, rushed upon Poland, and smacked their lips at the fat portions that their robbing hands were reaching for, while Poland stood in the amphitheatre with her shield, alone and brave, in the midst of spectators that watched with wonder and admiration every movement of her body, every sinew that quivered under the pain of rending claws. Let me not recount her martyrdom; you certainly must know it, or if you do not, perhaps it is better so, as it is too bloody to be as much as mentioned. You would not believe that such an act of tyranny and injustice could have been accomplished in the eighteenth century. But be assured that Poland did not look silently on this act. She fought to the last, while she could breathe. She fell and rose, fought and fell again, but she never gave up the struggle. She sought help everywhere; but she was disappointed at last by the empty promise of Napoleon I., under whose command her best troops were buried in the snows of Moscow with no recompense whatever; and this gave her the death-blow.

From that day the Polish people have been undergoing a persecution that will ever stand in golden letters in the history of the Church. They have been scattered to the four corners of the world. Their blood has sunk deep into the earth. It has been transmitted in innumerable channels throughout the universe, and has shaken the heart of humanity. The cold dungeons of Siberia have been thrown open to consume their victims, and the island of Santo Domingo rings out with the voice of Poland's martyrs for vengeance to heaven! The Polish exiles have been struck and dispersed, seeking pity and shelter; but this they have been denied. They would not venture to remain with their tyrants. Turkey turned away its ear from them; there was no hope for them in France, for the remembrance

of Bonaparte and Santo Domingo, where thousands had been exiled and slaughtered, was too awful to be forgotten. But God has not forsaken them. He showed them the Land of Promise, the youthful America beyond the Atlantic, where alone they could give vent to their tears, and where they could rest secure. There they could breathe the air of freedom, where neither the knout of the Russian, nor the bayonet of the Prussian, nor the sword of the Austrian, nor the sneer of the Frenchman can reach them; and to-day you can see them thrive throughout this land in manufactories, in agriculture, and in public offices.

On you, then, Americans, depends their safety. In you alone have they found their deliverance, when no other nation would open her arms to give them shelter. To you, therefore, noble children of this soil, I make my appeal in their behalf. You are the future pillars of this grand republic; to you, no doubt, will be entrusted the steering of this mighty fabric; and to you, inevitably, will come forsaken exiles of Poland, seeking aid and employment. In the name of Christianity, in the name of civilization, in the name of that blood that trickled for you down the plains of Savannah and the banks of the Potomac from the breasts of Polish martyrs, I beg you, do not despise them, but be their guardians in persecution. Do not think low of them if you find them simple and ignorant, because they have no means of education. Their language and religion have been denied them. You can not glance to-day at the news from Europe, without learning of new cruelties, new acts of injustice measured out to them daily. Their schools have been transformed into places of scourges and inhuman treatment. It is nothing new to hear of a child being whipped and ill treated in every possible shape until it dies, because it will not speak the language of its tyrants. Their churches, their only consolation, have been shut and turned into irreligious and schismatic dens of robbers; their priests have been cut off from exercising their sacred functions or exiled to Siberia. Many times you hear that a priest has been arrested, because he was caught crawling in the darkness of the night to some house to administer secretly the Sacraments. How, I ask you, under such circumstances, could you expect the Polish people to advance in learning? Therefore, do not be astonished at their ignorance; but look rather upon them as

orphans, as martyrs of that Poland that was once the stronghold of the world both in education and religion; and when you gaze upon the sorrowful and melancholy countenance of an exile give him a smile of sympathy. Think that you are nourished and protected by a mother-land, but that he has none upon whose bosom he can recline his head, who would comfort him, and wipe away his tears. Think that when your country was in danger and asked for aid, hundreds of Polish warriors, at the call of Benjamin Franklin, crossed the ocean to fight and die for you. Therefore, let gratitude do its share on your part; and if, which God grant, Poland, in some near future, perhaps, shall again rise from the claws of tyranny and take her stand among the nations of Europe, let it be said that she has risen chiefly through your justice, through your protection, and through your sense of true patriotism!

The Myrtle and the Shrub.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

(A Pastel.)

A shrub lived desolate and alone. The March wind moaned around it like the sigh of Sorrow. The earth was drear and brown. But Spring returned. Then the sun warmed the cold earth, and softly a tender myrtle crept about the shrub that lived desolate and alone. The little tendrils felt their way round and round. The slender stems struggled in and out. Wayward creepers strayed out over the branches and fell; but stole back another way in haste. The graceful loops made swings where fancy-fairies held their May-day festivals.

Anon, the shrub that had lived desolate and alone became a thing of beauty. The soft leaves caressed it tenderly. The gentle weight was like a mantle fallen from an angel's shoulders. Sweet flowers broke forth in all their beauty. The myrtle nestled closely, lovingly. The shrub felt—and was strong and brave.

The shrub, mayhap, was a heart that had lived desolate and alone; the vine, mayhap, was a woman's love.

Varsity Verse.

TO AN HEIRESS.
(Two Views).

Behold me sad and wretched at thy feet,
(They're large, methinks; I see they're number seven);
I love thee, I adore thee, I entreat,
(To take me from the poor house into heaven).

Oh spare me! do not cast me from thy heart,
(My board's unpaid—I've got no place to go);
'Twould kill me if from thee I had to part,
(Without a meal and wander through the snow).

Your eyes are soft, your face is pure and sweet,
(Although I have my doubts about your hair);
Your lips are red and hide your pearly teeth,
(I wonder if a dentist placed them there).

I see you calm and thoughtful in my dreams,
(And sometimes in my nightmares I must say);
Your mind with wit and genius fairly beams,
(When you're asleep or others are away).

And now, O love, I ask thee be my wife,
(For love is blind when poverty is strong);
I'd sacrifice for thee my very life,
(I've nothing else to give, they're all in pawn).

J. J. S.

TRIOLET.

Yon star high o'er the lea
Is touching a cloud with light.
Perchance thou too canst see
Yon star high o'er the lea.
So I feel nearer thee,
Since both may see so bright
Yon star high o'er the lea
Touching a cloud with light.

E. Q.

THE VOICE OF WATER.

There was a maiden once I loved
Golden years ago—
Fair as summer's sun she proved
Frail as winter's snow!

'Twas by this very stream we stood
Golden years ago—
Hush! her voice is in the wood
And the river's flow.

E. J. G.

ERE DARKNESS COMES.

Long fields and broad lie 'neath my vacant eyes,
Soft murmur winds that bear a wizard's charm,
Shrill through the silence break a lone bird's cries,—
Strange warnings; can they whisper aught of harm?

Now in the dusk I almost hear the feet
Of ghostly troops upon the trembling clouds;
And silent phantoms, shadow-footed, fleet,
Glide o'er the plain,—do I not see their shrouds?

Now sable Night steals on this spirit-ground
And hides the forms my wide eyes dreaming dread;
Above me beams the clear moon, silver-crowned,—
The twilight-hour of reverie is dead. C. L. O'D.

The Ways of a Dog.

EARLE E. WHALEY, '03.

Miss Harper eyed sadly the highly bred bull-terrier that lay at her feet. Near by sat a man, who now and then cast a look of defiance in the dog's direction, while the dog in turn fixed on the man a look of utter detestation. Whenever the man spoke or moved, the dog showed his teeth, a proceeding that had a visible effect on the emotions of his mistress and her company.

"Now if I had ever hurt the beast," argued the man.

"Don't call him a beast, Don," said Marion. "I know you have never kicked or stepped on him, in fact, have been very good to him, but—a dog's instincts are so keen, Don."

The man frowned, and said, "I hope, Marion, that you do not think me altogether disreputable simply because I can't get on with that dog?"

"I don't know," answered Marion sadly. "I am so fond of Jim, and his instinct regarding people is so keen that I can't help minding what he thinks."

"Well," said Don, "if you are going to refuse me just because that infernal beast doesn't like me, I—"

Miss Harper bent over the dog to hide her tears and proposed that Whitely make one more trial.

"Speak to him real nicely, Don; and perhaps he will make up after all," she said.

The man reached out his hand: "Here Jim, come on; Jimsy, old boy, that's a good dog."

The dog straightened up and only growled.

"Oh, Jim," cried his mistress; "what is the trouble with Don; but you are dreadful, Jim."

The man finally broke the silence:

"So you really care more for the dog?"

"Oh, Don," said the girl chokingly, "I told you it was his instinct."

"Well," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I suppose I had better go."

"Can't we still be friends? You will come again?" asked Miss Harper.

"I don't know whether Jim would approve of that or not," answered the man.

Miss Harper cast a glance not wholly of approval at Jim and flushed a little.

"I can't let him decide in everything," she said, with a tremulous smile. "Won't you please be friends?"

"Yes," he said, "even if Jim does not approve," and the dog snarled at the sound of his name spoken in that voice.

Don Whitely was hardly in the depressed state of mind that he appeared to be in when he left Miss Harper's. He was very much in love with her and as yet she had not told him that the feeling was not a mutual one. Consequently, even the dislike of a dog and the faith of its mistress in its instinct did not utterly discourage him. So he was not as badly off as Miss Harper thought him as she sat in her room weeping and declining Jim's offers of sympathy.

"That's a vicious beast!" Whitely said, as he was dressing that evening.

"What, sir?" asked his man.

"Norton, how in the dickens would you teach a dog to like you that you can't get on with?" asked Whitely.

"Well, sir," answered Norton, "I don't know much about dogs, sir, but if you took care of him, you might—"

"You know, Norton," said Don, "that I have no use for dogs. It's another person's beast."

"Don't it like him, sir?" asked Norton, submissively.

"The beast doesn't like me," said Whitely, "and it's very inconvenient."

"Yes, sir," said Norton, "animals is queer."

"Devilish queer, you mean," said Whitely, crossly, as he slipped into his coat.

Whitely was not greatly worried, but he saw a deal of trouble in store for himself and for Miss Harper in the effort to prove that Jim's instinct was not to be depended on. He had not seen Jim often, as Miss Harper, devoted to the dog as she was, did not take him to balls, dinners and house-parties, and these were the medium of her rather short acquaintance with Whitely. He thought if he got acquainted with the dog it would get over its temper, but Miss Harper said Jim had never acted so before. Or, he mused, perhaps Jim feared that his place in the affections of his mistress was to be taken by another.

"Ah," he said, half aloud, "I'll make the beast like me yet."

So for many days Whitely read of dogs, and visited all his friends who were dog-lovers, and he found that every dog he met was his friend; that is, with the exception of Jim.

Jim's hostility seemed to grow stronger, and he steadfastly refused to be bribed by Whitely's offers of dog biscuits or candy. The

dog's conduct often reduced his mistress to tears. If Whitely had pressed the matter—but he was as determined to win the dog's friendship as was the dog not to be won. To be defeated by a bull-terrier seemed an absurdity. So he persisted with a courtesy and a patience that finished the conquest of Miss Harper's heart; but his efforts were vain. The dog would not be conciliated.

"Devilish beast," said Whitely six weeks later.

"Yes, sir," said Norton. "Same beast, sir."

"Of course," said Whitely savagely, "I can't make it like me and I'm going to quit trying."

Norton was silent.

"Can't you suggest something?" Whitely asked impatiently.

"I have heard, sir," said Norton, "that the only way to make a dog like you, sir, is to make him look to you for everything. I—"

"You said that before," said Whitely, "and I told you it wasn't my dog."

"Yes, sir," said Norton.

"What do you mean?" Whitely asked him.

Norton brushed the coat with great vigour:

"I was thinking, sir, if the dog was lost and you should find him—"

"Well," said Whitely.

"Why, sir, till you found his mistress," said Norton, "he would have to look to you for everything."

"Norton," said his master, "you have it."

"Yes, sir," said the man, gratefully.

One morning, a few days later, Miss Harper's maid was taking Jim out for an airing and met Norton. With a courtly air he took the strap and soon managed to distract her attention from the dog. She later told her mistress how a villainous-looking man had snatched the dog, put him in a basket and made off, leaving her in a state bordering on hysterics. Needless to say no mention was made of Norton.

Liberal rewards were offered, the police were notified, but Miss Harper hoped in vain for Jim's return. Whitely by his sympathy, when she knew the dog detested him, but secured himself in her affections.

In the meantime Whitely's rooms were in a state of repair, and he was living at the club. But had one listened outside his doors they might have found it hard to connect the story of repairs and the growling of an enraged dog. To Whitely's disgust Jim was as vicious as ever. Secured by a rope, without his usual

petting and fresh air, Jim's temper did not improve. He snarled at Whitely as he had always done, and had it not been for Norton the dog would have been returned to his mistress. But the patient Norton mixed the milk and biscuits that Whitely fed the dog and proposed many expedients, but all were in vain.

"Does he know any tricks? Did he ever sit up and shake hands?" Norton asked one day, when Whitely threatened to return the dog.

"Yes, but he won't do anything for me at any rate," said Whitely.

"Watch him. Sit up, Jim!"

The dog pulling at his rope, growled, showing all his teeth.

"Let me try him, sir," said Norton, and Whitely stepped back.

Sit up, Jim!" said Norton. Jim sat up and put out his paw. "There, sir," said Norton, "he knows how."

"I don't see what good it does me," said Whitely in a disgusted tone.

"Well, sir," said Norton, "if I was you, sir, I wouldn't let him have anything to eat till he sat up for it."

"He's contrary enough to starve first," grumbled Whitely.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied Norton, "but I think he'll sit up first."

After many trials and hungry hours, Jim learned to sit up for Whitely and to put out a paw to him. The dog seemed wholly changed and Whitely was greatly elated. Norton, too, was pleased, but his master's profuse gratitude seemed to embarrass him a little.

On the fifteenth day after the stealing of Jim he reappeared, led by a rough-looking man who wouldn't wait for a reward.

"He looked like the man who stole him," said Miss Harper's maid, but her mistress was too busy rejoicing over Jim's return to wonder why the man did not claim the reward.

A few days later Whitely called. He had been impatient to test his experiment, but, as he felt sure of the result, thought it best not to appear too soon as he did not care to arouse Miss Harper's suspicions. Miss Harper was not in the drawing-room, but in a moment Whitely heard the tap of her heels on the polished floors and the patter and scratch of Jim's footsteps.

"He's back," cried Miss Harper, "but then I can't expect you to be as glad as I am."

"I am though," said Whitely, "for I'm glad for your sake."

Miss Harper flushed.—“I really think Jim’s very unkind not to like you.”

He looked down at the dog and found him sleek as usual. The petting he had received since his return had made up for any hardships he had undergone while away.

“Perhaps since he has seen what a bad man really is, he will appreciate me more than he used to do,” Whitely said, with a smile. “Here Jim, nice dog, come here.”

Jim started up and took a few steps toward Whitely. Don’s joy was great and marked his face with a broader smile than ever. He had put in many tedious hours with the dog, had often been at the point of giving up the experiment, but all this was forgotten as he realized that he had been successful. Once more he prided himself on his judgment of servants. Miss Harper was leaning forward, eagerly watching the dog, and Whitely felt—seeing the light in her eyes—that he had won something more precious than the friendship of Jim.

“The dog looked at him, growled, and, springing, set his teeth in the man’s outstretched hand. Whitely, jerked his hand away, and he felt a savage desire to tear the dog in piecemeal. Then his throat seemed to close up, and he forgot his injury as the sense of his failure came to him—failure he feared in a greater thing than his experiment with the nature of Jim.

A few minutes later, however, his heart was light again, for as Miss Harper was binding his hand, she said, with the tears running down her cheeks, “It’s awful, Don, and I don’t care whether Jim likes you or not, but I suppose the poor fellow suffered a great deal while he was away.”

An hour later as they sat on the couch in the drawing room talking happily, Jim lay at Miss Harper’s feet, watching Whitely with bulging eyes, but Don laughed and didn’t care.

When the Bulletin was Read.

Demerits, a hundred and five!

Tokens of days gone by;

One happy but ill-fated skive,

Then demerits, a hundred and five.

Mother will never survive!

Oh! how my father will sigh!

Demerits a hundred and five

Tokens of days gone by.

E. Q.

Under the Ivy-Crowned Roof.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, '02.

“God save all here.”

“And you likewise.”

“Yerra ma graw, whin did ye hear from Danney? Didn’t he sind ye the little sum for Patrick’s Day yet? ’Tis he was always the good son to ye, an’ indeed an’ indeed he won’t forget ye now.

“Oh, wirrah! wirrah! Mrs. Flannagan, sure ’tis Dan himself was always kind to me, glory be to God! But sure ye know intirely all the good byes that get dead in them machines in America; and over there, bless me poor sowl, ivery one carries a gun. My darlin’ bye was niver at a gun, thanks be to God! maybe ’tis himself he’d be afther shootin’. Maybe thim anarkists have shot me Dan.”

“God forbid, Mrs. Noonan, that any harum has come upon yeer son, but sure ’twas he niver failed at writin’ for Patrick’s Day.

“Ochone! Ochone!”

“Now, Biddy, keep up courage; God is good, and there is time enough yet. Perhaps ye’ll have a letter ’fore Aster.

“No, Kate, no; all is gone on me now. Ere last week the sheriff comes lookin’ for the rint. I told him that Dan ’ud sind me the money, an’ he told me he’d call again to-morrow, an’ if I couldn’t pay the rint, I’d have to get out of the house.”

“Niver mind, Biddy, with God’s help, ’twill be all right. Ye’ll niver be badly off at all; arent all the neighbours very kind?”

For half an hour or more Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. Flannagan, two of the best neighbours in the town, talked over the prospects for the morrow; told one another how apt sons are to forget their parents; and spoke sadly of the hard-heartedness of their landlords.

Early next morning a great hue and cry were raised in Garryowen. Something wonderful was up. Yes, indeed wonderful, yet not very strange or novel. The sheriff, bailiff and assistants, surrounded by a dozen peelers, with guns on their shoulders, had awakened the quiet dwellers, and had now in their train a host of youngsters besides a few dozen of the older inhabitants.

“What’s up now I wonder?” asked one of the followers.

“Some bit of dirty work I’m sure they’re goin’ to do.”

"The divil take thim and their dirty work!" chimed in old Nancy.

"Yerra wisha, if Lord Edward or Wolf Tone were here now 'tis they'd tache them to run."

"Yes, Nancy, or if we'd thim Kerry Moonlighters, they'd make thim dance."

The procession moved on, and soon it became evident to all that they were going towards Biddy Noonan's house. There was Biddy standing on the threshold with a daughter at either side.

"Oh! Polly, Maggie, they're comin', we're done for," cried the almost crazy mother. "What'll we do now? Come in, children, to the house for the last time. Don't cry. Don't mind me! Ye'll be all right."

The sheriff, bailiff and constables entered the house. The bailiff read the eviction decree with the reasons why.

"Now, Mrs. Noonan," said the sheriff, "it is our painful, very painful duty, to ask you to leave this house, but law is law, so for your own sake depart quietly, without any disturbance whatsoever. If you decline we shall have to use force."

"Oh my! what's in these poor bones to put trouble on ye, but if me son Dan, or his father before him, were here, 'pon me sowl ye'd need all yeer force and more besides, 'fore ye'd get me out of this house. Oh, for yeer mothers' and daughters' sakes lave us spend St. Patrick's Day under the ould roof. Sure the good St. Patrick will reward ye. An' sure maybe I'll have a letter before Aster from me bye, and then I'll pay ye all the rint."

Biddy might just as well be supplicating the angry waves to rest while the ship sails safely home. She might weep blood before she could instil a morsel of pity or compassion into the heart—if there was one—of sheriff, bailiff or constable. Law was law, and pity or compassion didn't exist. Let us omit the rest. Biddy, her two little daughters, aged seven and four; and a bundle of clothes were by the roadside. None of the many women around could afford any consolation to the distressed widow. At last some one said:

"Yerra, Peggy, sind one of yeer byes for the priest—Father Condon, I mane, an' sure 'tis he'd be after consowlin' the ould bye himself,"

"Right ye are, Johanna, 'tis Father Condon can do it. God spare him the health."

Father Condon came and consoled her by appealing to her simple, undying faith. He repeated to her in her own native language, "Thy will be done."

"Gura mah agut," she said feeling somewhat relieved. "Asthore ma chree."

"Now my good woman go home with Kate Beagly, she will give you a warm bit and sup, and take a rest, for you must be at Mass to-morrow morning; you know it is St. Patrick's Day."

Biddy went with Kate sorrowful and weeping most distressfully. "Oh moi Dan! moi Dan! The thought of it makes me wild. Where me father lived and died. Sure 'twas he himself, rest his soul, sot with his own hands thim two threes of ivy that cover the slates. 'Twas with his own hands he worked the mill, and ground the whate for the neighbours in the hard times. And now in this blessed an' holy day I'm thrown out."

Wistfully she turned away from the ivy-crowned roof. Leave her with Kate and listen to a few words from the onlookers.

"There's Daneen for ye now. I knew he wouldn't keep up long writin' to Biddy. 'Tis aisy for some people to forget thim that fed thim."

"Don't ye know," added another, "that thim fellows that go to America get too high-toned to belong to poor people. Yerra wisha the divil a bit of me would be after goin' to America; but the divil take all the landlords and emirgency min in the country."

"Come on. Ned and Thade; I've got a tanner; let's go."

"Where? Whose got the freshest?"

By this time Biddy Noonan was warming herself at Kate Beagly's glowing fire of turf and coke. The kettle was steaming; and great preparations were going on, for the next morning was St. Patrick's Day. Polly and Maggie felt as if at home, but Biddy sat near the fire, her head resting on her breast. She felt ashamed and out of place. Perhaps her family pride was wounded. She ate very little for dinner and less for supper, and about half-past eight Kate induced her to lie down in the settle so that she would be fresh to attend Mass in the morning.

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning. The roads were covered with people gathering in from the country to be present at the early Mass. Every hat and cap had a little sprig of shamrock, and the maidens, who wore no hats burned a *kipeen* and traced the outline of a cross on their breast. But Biddy was not to be seen among the neighbours moving towards the church. No, she was ashamed to

(Continued on page 388.)

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REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
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—We find pleasure in announcing that another member of the Faculty has turned Benedict. Dr. Austin O'Malley, head of the Department of English in the University, married Miss Eileen Ellis in New York City, this week. The marriage came as a pleasant surprise to the men in Dr. O'Malley's classes who extend their hearty congratulations. The SCHOLASTIC especially joins in these tokens of good will, since it owes much of the merit it may possess as a college paper to Dr. O'Malley.

—Ignorance on the part of officials of rules governing a handicap meet gave F. Moloney first place over Kirby in St. Louis last Saturday. The rule runs that "in *all* track contests ending in a tie the event must be run over again." Kirby, with a three-foot handicap, tied Moloney in the first race. In the second race he defeated Moloney who contested the decision, stating that "in all handicap meets the man with the least handicap that ties for first place is given the decision." The referee allowed this protest, and the medal went to Moloney. It is well for our men to become familiar with track rules.

The Philosophers' Annual Feast.

—St. Thomas of Aquin, the patron Saint of Catholic learning, affords the higher classmen of Notre Dame mental food the year around, but on the occasion of his feast day, the youthful philosophers put by the causes of things and the theories on happiness in order to appease the inner man. In other words, they get a material example to prove that the higher mental excursions do lead to something substantial. This happy discovery marks each recurring feast day of the reverend head of Notre Dame's department of philosophy.

The observance of the day began with the celebration of Mass in the Sorin Hall chapel. Father Fitte there said his feast-day Mass, and Father Crumley briefly recounted the circumstances and achievements in Saint Thomas' life. The remarks were very clear and well chosen. Particular refutation was made against the arguments advanced by those that say St. Thomas lacked originality in his philosophical doctrine.

The principal feature of the day, after the Mass, was the banquet held at two o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday. Seventy-five young men ate of the store so generously provided. The Reverend Father Fitte sat at the seat of honor surrounded by Fathers Crumley, Scheier and Ready, and Professors Hoynes and Ewing.

When sufficient time had been given to a proper disposition of the courses, Father Fitte made a witty and instructive after-dinner speech. In this, after voicing the regret of all at the inability of our Reverend President to be present and the sympathy for Father Stoffel in his critical illness, Father Fitte considered historically the different schools of philosophy with a brief but telling criticism of the philosophers who have influenced to a more or less degree the formation of a true Christian philosophy. Colonel Hoynes followed with a most entertaining speech. Each one present listened with attention to his brilliant remarks,—particularly the anecdote having to do with the Latin quotation.

At the dispersion of cigars, the philosophical tyros complacently said their grace, satisfied in mind that philosophy was not at all times such a sleep-disturbing study. And for weeks to come, whether in the lecture-room or victims of the lubricatory oil, there will be pleasant memories of the occasion of the Reverend Father Fitte's feast day.

Notre Dame at St. Louis.

The relay team, Staples, Gearin, Kirby and Herbert, and our champion half miler, "Billy" Uffendell, entered the Invitation Meet at St. Louis last Saturday night, and added more laurels to their credit. Illinois University captured twenty-five points, Notre Dame sixteen, and Chicago University nine. Illinois men were entered in every event, while our five representatives entered only the relay, half mile, hurdles, and fifty-yard dash.

The showing made by our men, contesting against the crack athletes from Chicago, Illinois, St. Louis University, and the First Regiment, was a remarkable one, and we feel safe in saying that had we entered the other events, we would have won the meet. Our chief aim, however, was to win the relay, which we did with ease.

After running a number of trial and semifinal heats in the fifty yard dash, Kirby and Gearin finished second and third, respectively, Bell, the Illinois crack, winning. In the open hurdle race the final heat narrowed down to a contest between Kirby of Notre Dame, and Captain Moloney of Chicago. Kirby had a handicap of one yard, which is not of much benefit in a hurdle race, however. The first final heat between these two men resulted in a tie, and the referee immediately ordered the race run over. This time Kirby beat Moloney handily in 6 3-5, but Moloney lodged a protest with the referee, stating that in case of a dead heat, the scratch man is declared the winner. Upon the strength of this statement the referee awarded the race to Moloney. This decision is unjust according to the rules, as no mention is made of a scratch man

becoming the winner in case of a dead heat. That rule applies only to track events where the contests are for distance.

The half-mile invitation found the three crack "Bills" pitted against each other. On the start off Uffendell jumped to the lead, and for four laps set the pace, Moloney right behind him. During the first three-fourths of the lap the two men were no more than three feet apart, but on the home stretch Moloney came to the front, beating Uffendell to the tape by about four feet.

The special fifty-yard high hurdle race between "Jimmy" Herbert of Notre Dame and Capt. Moloney of Chicago was called off on account of the injury received by Moloney in the low hurdle race. A race at the same distance was arranged between Herbert and Ratcliffe of Illinois. "Jim" ran away from Ratcliffe in this event, covering the distance in world's-record time, seven seconds.

The principal event of the evening was the Intercollegiate relay with Notre Dame, Illinois and St. Louis University teams entered. The St. Louis team was lost after the first lap, and the contest was

left to Illinois and Notre Dame. The champions, however, won out without much of a struggle.

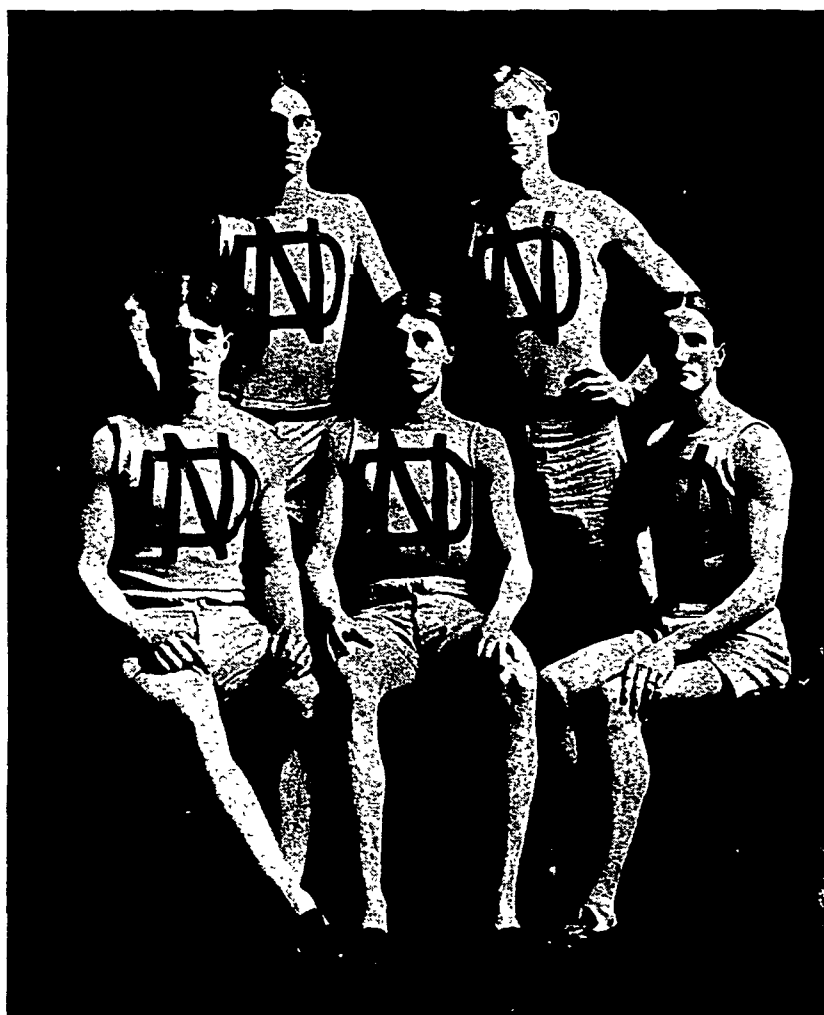
SUMMARIES:

50-yard (low) hurdles—first final heat: Kirby, Notre Dame, and Moloney, Chicago, tie. Time, 6 2-5 seconds. Second final heat: won by Kirby, Notre Dame; Moloney, Chicago, second. Time, 6 2-5 seconds. (Race awarded to Moloney on protest.)

50-yard dash—won by Bell, Illinois; Kirby, Notre Dame, second; Gearin, Notre Dame, third. Time, 5 2-5 s.

880 (Invitation)—won by Moloney, First Regiment; Uffendell, Notre Dame, second; Moran, St. Louis University, third. Time, 2:03 4-5.

Intercollegiate relay—Notre Dame won (Staples, Kirby, Herbert, Gearin); Illinois University, second (English, Miller, Coyne, Bell); St. Louis University, 3d (O'Flynn, McLean, Fleming, Moran). Time, 2:31 secs.



H. E. KIRBY M. V. HERBERT W. D. UFFENDELL
W. J. GEARIN E. D. STAPLES

(Continued from page 385.)

appear among them, so she had half an hour before secured a seat in a quiet nook of the church. The sweet music, and the gold vestments of the celebrant and his assistants lightened somewhat her heavy heart, and a new life was infused into her when she heard the preacher extol the heroic endurance and faith of his country.

After Mass everybody lingered outside the gate to see the poor evicted tenant pass.

"Yerra wisha 'tis he might have spared her the throuble this blessed day. Couldn't he lave her alone till afther Aster.

"Sure, Mrs. Dunn, 'tis all on account of her blagaurd of a son. An' they say he is a milliner, and laves his poor mother be thrown out on the roadside.

"That's the way the likes of him bes always doin'," put in Mrs. O'Keeffe. "Niver lave yeer son go to America. If ye could keep the family at home to mind their business, they'd be all right."

"Take her to her ould house," some one whispered to Kate.

"Do ye mane," asked Kate, "to dhrive the 'uman crazy, be takin' her over there?"

"Na boc lesh! Blave me 'tis all right."

After a short parley the women were induced to lead Biddy to her old homestead by the Lubec, wondering what was to happen. As she saw the ivy-clad roof in the distance she shrunk back, stared wildly and hesitated to go nearer. She thought the house was polluted by the hands of the bailiff. She had seen, not very many hours before, the door nailed and the windows boarded. Now a light streams from the windows, and a cloud of smoke is seen piercing the clear frosty air.

"Kate, are ye bringin' me, to see me house burned down?"

"With God's help, no, Biddy. Let us keep on and see."

Slowly they advanced; now they heard footsteps behind them; anxiously they turned round, and there was Father Condon fast upon them. He had heard strange rumours about doings in the ivy-crowned roof and was hastening thither after his thanksgiving. He took Biddy by the hand and said:

"Well, Biddy, St. Patrick must have something in store for you. I don't know what, but hurry a little bit and we shall soon find out."

"Begor, Father his holy will be done on me this day."

The yard-gate was thrown open, and almost

immediately Biddy's hands were clasped by her two daughters, who exclaimed together:

"Dan! ma, Dan!"

"Moi Dan!" repeated the surprised mother. They entered under the ivy-crowned roof. The lost son had returned.

"Lanav machree! masthore!" was all Biddy could say.

At length Father Condon said:

"Well, Dan, won't you tell us what all this means. Did it drop down through the chimney or come up through the floor?"

Dan told his story which was not of itself very strange. A storm at sea delayed him four or five days, and prevented him from being at home in time to pay the rent for his mother. He arrived the evening of Biddy's eviction, paid the rent and fixed everything for a surprise on St. Patrick's morning.

"Dan," said Biddy across the room, "come with Father Condon and take a cup of tay."

"Have you no coffee made?" asked Dan.

"Glory be to God! what's that he wants in the house; sure his forefathers niver drank that thing. Is it coffee he wants?"

"Whist, Peggie!" put in Biddy, "God is good to us all this blessed day."

"Yerra, wait till Jim plays something for us. 'God Save Ireland' or 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

Jim felt in better spirits than either of these songs needed for expression. He would have preferred the "Cruiskeen Lawn." But in order to suit the occasion he played and sang the then latest parody of the "Wearing of the Green."

Oh, Paddy dear, an' did ye hear the latest bit of news,
The Quane of England has announced that she intends
to cruise

Across the channel in her yacht to visit Erin's Isle,
The idea is enough to make a wooden Indian smile.
'Tis thirty-nine long years since her royal brogues have
trod

On Erin's shores, but now she finds she loves the dear
old sod,

An' she says that on St. Patrick's Day our colours may
be seen,

An' no man will be arrested for the wearin' of the green.

"Well done, Jim! well done! Now Johnny, give us a jig. Take down the half door for him."

Thus the day wore on. Nowhere in Kilmallock was Patrick's Day spent so joyously. Nowhere were hearts so glad, for nowhere was the grief so great; and as the storm of the previous day was fierce, so was calm and peaceful that Patrick's morn under the ivy-crowned roof.

Exchanges.

A bit of fiction or a few lines of verse can do more for a college paper than as many pages of prose. In many of our exchanges these desirable contributions are neglected. Nothing gives more life to the paper than a few verses; fiction holds second place. In the college magazine, however, we are so frequently lured into reading improbable and impossible trash, masquerading under the guise of the short story, that we become inclined to disregard the efforts of many of our brother-editors. With verse it is different. Good verse is more common than good stories, and even if a bit of verse be poor it is not so long as a story, hence there is less mental dissipation. We do not antagonize the short-story writer, in fact, we think that verse and fiction, especially the short story, unite to form the best literary department of the college magazine. Essays, however, are not to be despised or rejected; on the contrary, an original literary essay is rather rare, and valuable in proportion; but many of the essays thrust upon the college world smack of modified plagiarism or laborious compilation, and what shall we do with them? Enclose them in quotation marks? That would be a great injustice to the original text, its beauty and strength are so diminished. Yet some of our magazines publish such essays.

In striking contrast to such a class of publications is *The Wellesley Magazine*. Nor is it our regard for woman that prompts this criticism, although we know what woman does she ordinarily does well. The different departments of the magazine are well filled, although we should like to see more verse. A great deal of attention is given to fiction, which is perhaps the most admirable quality of the magazine.

The literary department does not exclude essays, however, and they generally contain originality, that quality so desirable, so necessary, in fact, in a good essay. If any particular department of a woman's magazine is to be praised it ought to be such as the "Free Press" department. We know how much woman is inclined to express her sentiments on matters of interest to her companions and herself, and we heartily endorse the action of the editors of the *Wellesley Magazine* maintaining the "Free Press" department whereby suggestions and well-meaning criticism may reach those for whom they are intended.

G. W. B.

A Close Contest.

S. B. HIGH SCHOOL, 44; CARROLL HALL, 41.

The Carroll Hall track team was defeated in their second annual dual meet with the South Bend High School team last Saturday afternoon. Last year the Carrollites overwhelmingly defeated the South Benders, but this year they were handicapped by the sickness of Price, one of their sure point winners in the field events, and as a result lost out. Despite this handicap, however, the youngsters put up a magnificent struggle, and compelled the High School lads to fight hard for every point.

The best event of the meet was the 220 yard dash trial heat which resulted in a tie between Kotte of Carroll Hall and Cotton of South Bend. Kotte looked to be hopelessly beaten on the last lap, but on the last turn he made a grand spurt which placed him even with Cotton, and the two broke the tape at the same time. In the 40 yard dash Cotton of South Bend beat the gun by about two yards, but even at that was pushed to the finish by Cahill.

The 440-yard run and the half mile were both won by Eldred of South Bend in good time. In the field events, the hardest fight was the high jump which resulted in a tie between Peery of Carroll and Broedemus of South Bend at five feet. Broedemus won the pole vault after a pretty contest with Taylor, Pryor securing third. The broad jump went to Peery at 18 feet 6 inches; Hall, third. The half mile relay race, six runners, was won by Carroll Hall. Peery, the first runner, gained ten yards on his man, which was further increased by the other runners, Kotte, the last man, finishing fifty yards ahead. The two star performers of the meet were Peery of Carroll Hall, who secured fifteen points for his team, and Broedemus of the High School who captured fourteen.

SUMMARIES:

40-yard dash—Cotton, S. B. H. S., first; Cahill, C. H., second; Kotte, C. H., third. Time, 5 seconds.

40-yard (low) hurdles—Cotton, S. B. H. S., first; Peery, C. H., second; Dolph, C. H., third. Time, 6 seconds.

220-yard dash, first heat—Kotte, C. H., and Cotton, S. B. H. S., tied for first. Time, 26 seconds. Second heat: won by Cahill, C. H. Time, 26 1-5 seconds. Third heat: won by Hall, C. H. Time, 27 seconds. Final heat not run. Points divided: S. B. H. S., 5; C. H., 4.

440-yard run—Eldred, S. B., won; Foley, C. H., second; Sweeney, C. H., third. Time, 1:03.

880-yard run—Eldred, S. B., won; Sweeney, C. H.,

second; Schmidt, C. H., third. Time, 2:19 1-5. (Sweeney's time, 2:24.)

Shot put (12 lb.)—Broedemus, S. B., won, 40 feet 6 inches; Peery, C. H., second. 37 feet 11 inches; Fleischer, C. H., third.

High jump—Peery, C. H., and Broedemus, S. B., tied for first; Dolph, third. 5 feet.

Pole vault—Broedemus, S. B., first; Taylor, C. H., second; Pryor, C. H., third. 8 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—Peery, C. H., first; Dolph, S. B., second; Hall, C. H., third. 18 feet 6 inches.

Half mile relay—won by Carroll Hall (Peery, Hall, Schmidt, Sweeney, Rumbaugh and Kotte). Time—

* * *

ST. EDWARD'S TRACK MEET.

The Minims and the ex-Minims held a very exciting meet Thursday afternoon in the new Gymnasium, the Minims winning out after a hard struggle. Several records were broken by the youngsters, and the way they performed was marvellous. H. Fox was the star of the meet. He established new records in the 40-yard dash, the 40-yard hurdles, and the 220-yard dash. The best performance was that of T. McDermont in the half-mile. The little fellow ran like a veteran, setting a new record of 2:36 1-5.

SUMMARIES:

40 yard dash—H. Fox, St. Ed's, first; Rotchford, C. H., second; E. Rousseau, St. Ed's, third. Time, 5 2-5 seconds.

40 yard hurdles—H. Fox, St. Ed's, first (new record); Mooney, C. H., second; J. Berteling, St. Ed's, third. Time, 6 3-5 seconds.

220 yd. dash—H. Fox, St. Ed's, 1st (new record); Rotchford, C. H., 2d; T. McDermont, St. Ed's, 3d. Time, 28 3-5.

880 yd. run—T. McDermont, St. Ed's, 1st (new record); Staples, C. H., 2d; D. Randle, St. Ed's, 3d. Time, 2:36 1-5 s.

Shot put (nine lb.)—Dierssen, C. H., first; McDermont, St. Ed's, second; Mooney, C. H., third. 25 feet 6 inches.

High jump—Berkley, C. H., first; E. Rousseau, St. Ed's, second; J. Lynch, St. Ed's, and Mooney, C. H., tied for third.

Pole vault—Mooney, C. H., first; J. Berteling, St. Ed's, 2d; F. Baude, St. Ed's, third. 6 feet 8 inches.

Broad jump—E. Rousseau, St. Ed's, first; Rotchford, C. H., second; Mooney, C. H., third. 14 feet 6 inches.

Relay—C. H. won (W. Dierssen, Mooney, P. Dierssen, Rotchford); St. Ed's (Fox, T. McDermont, B. Mulligan, E. Rousseau). Time, 1:16 2-5.

J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Mr. F. Dean of Chicago spent last Sunday with his son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Wagner of Chicago were the guests of their son Louis of Brownson Hall last week.

—Master Robert Hall of St. Edward's Hall enjoyed a visit from his father of Dayton, Ohio, during the week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bauman of Dayton, Ohio, surprised their son, E. Walter Bauman, of Corby Hall, by a visit last Sunday.

—Mr. James Connolly of Chicago came to Notre Dame last week to enter his son Edward as a student of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. Nyere of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mabel Nyere, paid a brief visit to her son, Mr. George Nyere, of Corby Hall last Sunday.

—Word has come to us that one of Notre Dame's students is about to enter the priesthood. Mr. J. B. Filladeau, C. S. C. ('97-'98), is to be ordained to-day by Mgr. Rumeau, D. D., Bishop of Angers, France.

—Mr. Thomas Burke of Kokomo, Indiana, was the guest of Professor Ewing during the week. Mr. Burke is an ardent worker in the K. of C. cause. At the banquet held after the initiation in South Bend last month he officiated as toastmaster. His geniality won him many friends, and he may be assured of always meeting with a hearty welcome at Notre Dame.

—We are very sorry to announce that the Reverend N. Stoffel of St. Joseph's parish, South Bend, is seriously ill with rheumatism. Father Stoffel was confined several weeks ago by a very severe cold, and it was only by great care and with extreme difficulty that an attack of pneumonia was averted. After his recovery, he again resumed his teaching at Notre Dame. Unfortunately exposure to the raw air brought on an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and Father Stoffel has been confined to his bed ever since. According to the latest reports he is in a very critical condition.

—Mr. Sherman Steele (LL. B., '99), Mr. Maurice Neville (C. E. '99), and Mr. Anthony Dorley (C. E. 1900), have organized a corporation known as the Western Finance and Construction Company. Mr. Steele was at one time a member of our debating team, and both Mr. Neville and Mr. Dorley were hard, earnest workers. With such men at the head, there can be but little doubt that the firm will flourish. The SCHOLASTIC wishes them all success.

—Mr. Paul J. Ragan (A. B. '99, LL. B. '01) has been invited to address the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Toledo, Ohio, on March 17. The society is to hold a convention there. This is indeed a high tribute to Mr. Ragan's abilities. While at Notre Dame he was a leader in his classes, and well liked by both Faculty and students. He not only took the Oratorical medal, but won first place on the debating team in 1901. He also occupied the position of editor-in-chief for the SCHOLASTIC during that year. Since his graduation, he has been steadily forging to the front in law at Toledo, Ohio. Notre Dame is justly proud of such an alumnus.

A. L. K.

Local Items.

—A medal donation has been received from Charles M. Haass of Cincinnati.

—An examination on the subject of bankruptcy will be held next Friday night.

—Easter SCHOLASTIC assignments are expected to be handed in on March 16.

—The proper time for exchanging library books is on Sunday and Thursday mornings.

—The statute of limitations will soon run against the scaffolding on the N. E. corner of the church.

—Recreation on Monday and Wednesday next week. School on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

—All those desiring to make a collection of photographs of Notre Dame's athletes during the past few years can get pictures of the same by calling on Rev. Father Kirsch.

—With March showers and the "shivering crocus bursting through the mould," it is about time the spring poets would begin to pour forth some of their most impassioned strains.

—The fire department has grown inactive during the past three months. Awake, ye fire eaters, and let us see once again the Siamese twin nozzle brought into play.

—In the 50-yard hurdles last Saturday, in St. Louis, Herbert equalled twice, world's record time of 7 seconds. This time was made by Tewkesbury in Georgetown last year.

—Bro. Hugh has just received a full line of baseball supplies—bats, balls, masks, gloves, etc. Also a new stock of golf goods. His office in the gym will be open at all hours.

—To-day we clash with Indiana and Purdue in the large gym. Judging from the relative strength of the three teams it should not be a question of winning the meet with us, but how many firsts we will take.

—The bulletins were read out in all the halls last week. The general average was very good. However, there are a few that appear to forget the aim and end of school work. Wake up, old chaps, or a thunderbolt may strike you.

—With five men we succeeded in capturing sixteen points in the St. Louis Meet. Kirby here proved his great ability in the low hurdles by defeating Fred Moloney. Should those two men meet again the race will be a pretty contest.

—T. A. Toner has broken the back strength test record with 365 kilos to his credit. He stands second place now with a total test of 1198.7 kilos. This is but the second time Toner has taken the strength test. With training he should prove a whirlwind.

—The Philosophers appear to be more the philosopher since the Tuesday spread. Good cheer at times is the best of philosophy. He

who eats well is a happy man; he who is a happy man is a philosopher; *ergo*, he who eats well is a philosopher.

—The Easter SCHOLASTIC assignments, after being passed upon, are to be handed in by March 16. We also want photographs of the staff members for this date at the latest. The pictures are to be of a uniform size and finish. We would prefer them unmounted.

—As soon as the snow melts, the ground thaws, and the sun's rays begin to regain their lost vigour we expect to see the tennis and golf champions display that ability on the court and on the links which was characteristic of the followers of those two sports last year.

—The South Bend High School-Carroll Hall meet last Saturday served to show the ability of the Carrollites. As many meets as possible should be secured for the "Prep" teams, for they are really the material from which our Varsity teams will be selected in a few years.

—Next Monday Professor O'Connor's elocution classes stage Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night." Much new scenery was needed, and many thanks are due to Professor Ackerman for the facility with which he brought this into being. The last full-dress rehearsal will be had to-morrow afternoon.

—To-night the Law School debaters, Messrs. Hering, Mitchell and Sullivan, meet the Illinois College of Law team in Handel's Hall, Chicago. The subject under consideration is "Resolved: That for the general welfare of the people consolidation in production is better than is competition." We have the negative side.

—Those intending to enter the oratorical contest should have their orations in shape by April 1. Six men will appear in Washington Hall for the final contest. The orations should not be longer than fifteen minutes; that is, about two thousand words. Orations longer than this will necessarily have to be cut down.

—The real out-door work of the baseball teams is going on. The men are clever in covering their territory but somewhat slow in batting. Our pitching department is especially strong. So that even if we have no "Jimmy" Morgans and but one "Bobby" Lynch on this year's team as batsmen, the team should play strong ball.

—Bobbie Lynch played quite a trick on his friend Bobbie Sweeney the other day. A little man with a boat-hook nose and the rest of his face hidden behind a bunch of fuzz, called at Lynch's room; and inquired if he had any old clothes to give away. "Yes," said the captain of the baseball team, "follow thou me," and he led the little man down to Sweeney's room. Bobbie opened Sweeney's wardrobe, and told the little man to help himself. Bobbie then returned to his room. Sweeney arrived in time to prevent the little

man from departing with the wardrobe.

—The whisker craze seems to have struck Sorin Hall with a vengeance since royalty became a part of America. One young man named Tom is raising a growth which will make the "Terrible Turk," or "Blue Beard," the "Pirate Chief" look like a nonentity beside him. He will soon be ready for the local photographer. Another that has a mortgage on the newspaper trust is growing side-hooks and ladders which will pass out of the microscopic state by the time he is at least thirty-one. And then comes the newspaper trust itself with the French imperial and charming moustache. All three gentlemen are ever willing to tell the reason of their ambition to anyone calling on them. But do not bring any dynamite.

—Gardiner has a new method of washing the developer from camera plates, and has considered the advisability of taking out a patent on it. The other day Shea from Holyoke had developed a few plates and asked Gardiner to take them down to the bath-room and let the water run on them a while, so as to wash the developer off. Gardiner, always ready to oblige, answered "Sure thing," and started down stairs. He put the plates under a stream of boiling hot water, and awaited results. "How are you getting along," asked Shea, as he appeared at the bath-room door. "Fine, fine," answered Gardiner, "look at the plates, not a spot left on them." And there wasn't. Not even the picture remained. Gardiner now wonders why Shea called him farmer.

—"Here Fink, is a package with a photo in it for you."

"Gee! she is all right. It is from the girl down in Wilmington. She is a peach. Promised she would send it. Come on up to the room until I open it."

When the party reached the room, Henry opened the package and took out a card bearing the following: "You're easy."—"Where's the photo?" innocently asked Ziegler. Henry looked foolish, and offered to give Ziegler anything if he wouldn't tell the fellows about it. Although Ziegler sold out, the story has become known, also the fact that Henry wrote the young lady; and informed her in forceful language that he couldn't see the joke. Now he wonders why she doesn't write and explain it. Perhaps, if he should wander into Studie's room, he might see the photo on Studie's desk and receive an explanation of how it got out of the package and was replaced by the card.

—"I thought I had face," said Canedo, "the night I saw my reflection in the mirror, and thought it was a moonlight night, but that man D. K. O'M has more face than I have." Why should Canedo make such a remark? Just listen. The other day great excitement was caused in Sorin Hall by the announcement that a man was on the

campus giving away tobacco. D. K. O'M hustled out of the hall, and sure enough there was the man surrounded by a hundred or more struggling for the free tobacco. D. K. O'M called the man aside, and told him that the one who runs the store wanted about thirty sample packages to place on exhibition. The distributor gave D. K. O'M about forty packages, and Dominic thinks he can now say with certainty that he never bought any tobacco during his college days.

—Venus and Mercury, as examples of nude art *versus* board of education in Mason city, Iowa, is a state of affairs that confronts the peaceful citizens of that small city. The graduating class of the High School assert and reiterate that Mercury and Venus will find niches in the old school-house, and the board of trustees contends dramatically that it wants no examples of the nude in art. The discussion grows, and Venus and Mercury are suffered to shiver in a cold store-room without even a night gown on. The last place prudery is to be found should be among schoolmen. And when two clever pieces of nude art begin to offend very modest men, especially when these men make up the board of education, it is well to submit to the inevitable, and order up two large mother hubbards, as the good citizens of Boston did for the MacMonnies statues. 'Tis hard to satisfy the judgment of all men.

—History records the fact that Cæsar, at the time of his death, was so overcome at the ingratitude of Brutus that he immediately gave up the struggle for his life. Present experience records the fact that Phil has had the ingratitude of his friends so plainly shown that he has given up all hopes of regaining the affections of any young lady whom he introduces to his friends. You see, Phil is one of these jolly good-natured fellows, who wouldn't suspect evil of any one, and who is ever ready to add to the happiness of others; so much so that he has often taken a friend or two to his home in the Gas Belt. You have all heard of Anderson. It isn't on the map, but trains stop there on rare occasions, possibly to remove obstructions from the track. Phil took a little friend of his to Anderson and introduced him to one of Phil's most ardent admirers. Up to the present date Phil apparently thought nothing of the matter, but now he affirms that the ingratitude of some people is unlimited. "To think," he says, "that the little watch charm that I had done so much for—to think that he should forget all my kindness, and take the only girl I ever really cared for; that now he is receiving two letters a day, and I don't even get one. Such ingratitude is astounding!"

MORAL:—If you want to keep your girl, don't introduce her to the little P. G.

1902

1901

Notre Dame Scholastic

Board of Editors



John J. Kennedy 1902



William A. Shea 1902



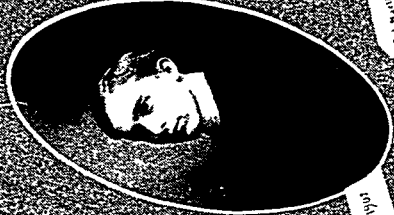
Francis Schuyler 1902



Earl Macdonald 1902



Frank J. Stevens 1902



John J. O'Connell 1902



Irving Dineen 1902



John L. Gentry 1902



George E. Evans 1902



Joseph J. Sullivan 1902



James R. Gentry 1902



Henry D. Gentry 1902



George A. Gentry 1902



Leo J. Gentry 1902



Henry Gentry 1902



Joseph Gentry 1902



Joseph Gentry 1902